

› It's Real (Extended Movement Mix)

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
93 was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast

And still the same n***a
That was hollerin': "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's 94
And ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And i'm still lookin' for a way
To make us raise
I impose that I still hate the devil
(That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka
That'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why...

Yeah! Right back at you once again in 94...
P-Dog, righterous...
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb...
And we kickin' the real...

So anyway I'ma do it this time
So you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
(Gunshot)
And f**kin' with the crew
Will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, i don't trip cause I still kicks the realiest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw
Cause I'm god
So I hope you're listenin'

What I'm kickin': It's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees...

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again...

So I'm still comin' on with this
(Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thang
To see a n***a lockdown, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I...
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this
F**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know...
Scarface records, Paris...
Still hittin' you with the righterous sh*t...
The funky sh*t...
In the name of Allah...
And it ain't gonna never change...
It don't stop...
It don't never stop...
So back your devil-a** sob off me...
And let me get my field...
Power, yeah!
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again... Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog...
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist...
And it ain't never gonna change!